Monique Faces the Fembots

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Monique Faces the Fembots

by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

Monique is stuck in a perilous situation. She was kidnapped by Shego, who brought her to Cognito. Opening her eyes, she finds herself in a room with no way out. Can she escape or will she fall victim to her desires when facing a legion of feminine robots looking like a sexy version of her good friend Kim Possible which could make her more prone to accept their romantic advances with their special gases that came out of her bosom? You'll have to read to find out what happens...

Notes

In one of my previous fics, "Shego the Hypnodomme and Kim's Submission" (listed as an inspiration), I noted how Monique had been captured and "romantically compromised" when dealing with fembots which can shoot a certain gas to confuse people, making her "incredibly suggestible to their romantic advances." I further said that Monique was, as a result, completely out of it, and lost all of her composure. In that same fic, Kim Possible originally demands to know where Monique is, but Shego, acting as a Hypnodomme (hence the title of that fic), is able to hypnotize Kim to forget about Monique and her friend Wade. I wanted to explain *how* Monique became romantically compromised and lost her composure. Hence this fic was born.

This fic has been cross-posted on Adult Fanfiction and Squidge World.

Update #1: This fic was updated and changed on 11/23/25.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Reagan's Bold Move, Cognito's Kidnapping Plot, and Kim's Folly by lefemmerouge2
- Inspired by Shego the Hypnodomme and Kim's Submission by lefemmerougensfw
- Inspired by Fembots Have Feelings Too by Tabby_Shieldmaiden
- Inspired by Fembot Fatale by HomerSoc
- Inspired by Club Geass by TotallyNot
- Inspired by COMPLY by TTMIYH
- Inspired by Meda Erotica by Imouto_Kitten
- Inspired by Focus On The Mission by camilllla
- Inspired by Submissive by hellshark
- Inspired by How to Finger Someone by Vanessa Marin (for Lifehacker)

- Inspired by Do This Tonight: Finger Her, and Only Finger Her by Vanessa Marin (for Lifehacker)
- Inspired by How to Stop Getting So Damn Distracted During Sex by Vanessa Marin (for Lifehacker)
- Inspired by Lube: how to level up your sex life by Beth Ashley (for Mashable)
- Inspired by What Causes a Submissive Personality: 9 Unexpected Causes by Sanju Pradeepa (for Believe in Mind)
- Inspired by Female Submission by Kinkly
- Inspired by Safe, Sexy Adult Spanking Tips for Two by Joellen Note (for Kinkly)
- Inspired by Erotic Spanking: 3 Thrilling Types to Try by Kayla Lords (for Kinkly)
- Inspired by The Ultimate Guide to Impact Play Toys and Spanking Implements by Mistress Kay (for Kinkly)

Monique found herself in a place with no way out, a room with white-colored walls and floors, and without windows. She was trapped. She faced a set of flirtatious feminine-looking robots. They could release an aphrodisiac gas from their metal nipples with the aim of making their target confused, hallucinate, and more suggestible to their romantic advances than usual. That was their goal. They wanted to stop her. Reagan Ridley, the newly christened CEO of Cognito, had sent in even more of these robots, which operated somewhat autonomously, into the room, after she had arrived. The original versions wore sexually provocative outfits and sprayed out a certain gas, coupled with generous, ample breasts, and hair styles to conceal their processing units.

Those robots, dispatched by Dr. Evil, had a pleasing form and were seductive enough to appeal to the "free love" personality of superspy Austin Powers. Their nipples could also serve as deadly machine guns if the situation called for it. Some models wore outfits with silver hot pants, halter top bras, white gloves, and high boots, allowing them to strut sexily across the room. They were subtle and seductive at the same time. Others wore suggestive, and fluffy, pink nightwear, while swooning over the aforementioned secret agent. The gas they released made him dazed and out of it, causing him to become more suggestible to their advances before passing out. Some were bolder and seductively commanded him to give in. These efforts, ultimately, failed. He beat them.

The robots which faced Monique were a little different. Each one wore a thigh-high, but fitted, stretchy one-piece crimson-red maxi floor-length dress. What they wore did not resemble Kim Possible's usual outfits for missions or casual ware. There were no straps holding the dress to the shoulders. As such, each robot's outfits were only held on by their breasts and shapely bodies, complete with a red bow on the back. This was accompanied by bright red high heels and arm length gloves of the same color. These colors made each robot stand out. They had the build and shape of Kim. They strutted forward while snapping their fingers in unison, like they were in a theatrical production of *West Side Story*.

Thanks to Shego's surveillance, Cognito attained some of Kim's DNA, then replicated it, somehow, into robot form, due to some work by secret organization's scientists. They had been planning to use it to create replicas to destroy her reputation. Monique was a test case for whether these robots could perform their jobs appropriately. If they couldn't, then they would be completely scrapped, and the scientists would have to start all over again. Some said that fembots represented a perfect male fantasy, as sexy, submissive, and dangerous, playing into the idea that women can be created and controlled, a combination of fear of women (gynophobia) and fear of technology. However, these robots were specifically made and overseen by women. They combined characteristics of those robots built for sexual purposes (sexbots) and those built for assassination (assassinbots) into one versatile and irresistible machine.

The robots, which could more accurately be called Kimbots, approached her. They said in unison, "do you want to play, *Miss Monique?"* After this bold declaration, they stood provocatively, in formation, in front of her, moving forward their right legs, showing off their high heels and their exposed legs. They were ready to show themselves in order to begin encouraging submission. Blushing profusely, Monique resisted as much as she could. "I won't

let you sexually harass me! *Get away!*" They had sensors which could detect her changing emotional state. Other components helped them move and controlled the robots themselves. They could tell she was becoming agitated, so they went on the attack. At that very moment, they released an aphrodisiac gas from their metal nipples.

She started becoming confused and began to hallucinate. The gas made her more receptive their unwelcome romantic advances overriding her usual reactions to such forays. If she had been somewhere else, she might have kicked their heads off and called it a day. That wasn't what happened here, not at all. As the robots came closer, a bed appeared out of nowhere. She tried to push them off and not inhale the gases, but it was for naught. She couldn't fight off every single Kimbot. There were too many of them. She couldn't stop them, no matter how hard she tried.

As the robots pushed her down onto a soft, fuzzy bed, she felt a weird sensation, especially when one of them began running their fingers along her legs. "You look so beautiful, *Miss Monique*. Do you want to have fun?" the Kimbot said. If these robots had been like the original model, with an exaggerated female form, generous hips and bust, plus long arms and long legs, she would have been able to push them away, even with the gases coming out of their metal chests attempting to knock her off balance mentally and emotionally. These robots were different. As the gasses in the room increased, permeating the air, she found herself drawn to them. Each one maintained eye contact with her. Their voices were more seductive than she expected.

She wanted to laugh and to tell them to fuck off. But she found herself wanting to give in. She almost couldn't stop herself. "Yes, I do," she found herself saying. They proceeded to sensually massage her back. Her body felt much more relaxed than before and her eyes began closing, as her worries started to float away. She could only focus on the feeling coming from these Kimbots which continued rubbing her back in such a way that it felt *so good*. She let their fingers do their work on her and she soon became more elated with every massage. She was on cloud nine.

These Kimbots weren't done, however. They had only started. Built for giving their target optimal pleasure, they began removing her clothes, piece by piece. Something inside her snapped. She knew this wasn't right. She had to stop them. She couldn't let them continue. "What are you doing?" she demanded. The robots responded in unison. "We are here to pleasure you, *Miss Monique*. Resistance is futile. Give in. Obey." She tried to push them off. As they sprayed even more aphrodisiac on her, it muddled her thinking even more. She couldn't think straight.

She found herself complying, lying on the bed completely naked, as these Kimbots continued rubbed against her. Held down by them, as they rubbed their bodies against hers, she noticed a certain substance being spread onto the long slender finger of one robot. Was this what she thought it was? *It couldn't be. That wasn't possible, right?* The Kimbots worked together to open up her lady garden. One in particular played around the edges of her love tunnel, going back and forth, and grazing it, then entered inside. She was squirming in anticipation.

She was awash with pleasure, with endorphins flooding her brain. She felt completely helpless, her mind drifting away, feeling this new sensation and stimulation across her body.

It was something she'd never experienced before. She couldn't fight back. Instead, she could only focus on good it felt and the bliss of it all. No one had *ever* done anything this intimate with her in her entire life. Even though her eyes didn't glaze over, her composure faded away into nothingness. This only increased when a second finger entered her special place.

Her body felt intensely stimulated as she began breathing heavily. She was on edge when a Kimbot teased her, first caressing her breasts, hips, and thighs. This robot then went *back to* entering her clit, fingers pumping in and out. The combination of these sensations felt incredible. She couldn't help but feel that her body heat was increasing from this intimate display. As it continued, one Kimbot came closer and asked, almost in a sweet voice, "will you obey, *Miss Monique?* We only want to give you the pleasure you deeply desire."

Meagerly responding, since what they are doing felt so good and she did not want it to stop, she meekly replied. "Yes. Do *whatever* you want with me." She shuttered at these words, not even believing she had said them. There was no turning back. She couldn't pull back what she'd said, not while the air was filled with the aphrodisiac. It wouldn't be possible. She had submitted to their will. As the Kimbot increased their fingering's pace into her clit, thrusting their metal fingers deeply inside, she couldn't stop moans from coming out of her mouth. Nor could she stop herself as cum began to drip down her legs. This was followed by a massive squirting of love juices across the room. It covered part of the bed and some of the Kimbots.

"You did good, *Miss Monique*. Let us keep pleasuring you to your heart's desire," they said, in unison. The Kimbots were determined to keep breaking her down so that she was *nothing* but a sex toy to them. This had been their mission, after all. She had forgotten about almost *everything*. She couldn't believe herself. Rescuing Kim or Wade had slipped her mind. All she wanted to do was stay in that room and keep getting pleasured. Her secret crush on Kim played into this, allowing them to successfully manipulate her. Shego had provided this information to Reagan, based on what she had gathered from her diary and friends who were hypnotized into talking. So, they were very confident this method would work. It had been wildly successful. They no idea it would work *this well*.

The Kimbots transformed the room into a literal sex-haven, without anything that would distract her from them, anything that would make her think back to her actual reason for being there. They knew that if they caused her any pain, she could snap back to reality. They resolved to treat her in such a way that she would be lulled into submission, so that she *wouldn't ever* think of escaping.

Monique felt herself in a bit of a daze. If she had been more with it, she would have never put up with their unwelcome verbal sexual behavior. It hadn't reached the point of physical abuse, nor had they engaged in sexual actions without her consent by force or by threat of injury. Instead, she had given her consent, however dubious, to their actions. This was partially due to the gas they had released from their metal nipples. At the same time, she felt incredibly turned on, with her mind overwhelmed by pleasure, so that certainly was another reason.

She didn't feel insecure, unworthy, or without respect. Rather, she felt powerless, accommodating, and passive toward the Kimbots. She had become more eager, than she ever expected, to please these robots, behaving so obediently that she'd willingly submit to *anything* they said. If they had wanted to smack her on the ass, humiliate her, or bind her, she

undoubtedly would have complied without a second thought. The robots couldn't take pleasure in her arousal. Instead, they saw her as pliable being under their control. Everything was going as planned.

"*Miss Monique*, may we spank you? It will bring you *immense* pleasure." It wasn't a real question, but more of a command. Feeling unlike herself, she could sense words about to spill out of her mouth. She wanted to say different words, but something inside of her *wanted* this. She felt she *needed* it.

"Yes, I'm a *bad girl*. I need you to make me *good* again," she found herself saying. The Kimbots placed her into the right position, with her face down onto the soft, fuzzy bed, and her ass up. They said in unison, "it will be done, *Miss Monique*. We will make you good *again*." One Kimbot took out a paddle, charging it with her body, electrifying it, and prepared to make her fully submit. Another did the same with a smaller device, a crop made of zinc, iron, and other metals. The metal rod was completely conductive with electricity and had adjustable voltage. They were ready. *Was she*?

As the paddle moved through the air, making a whooshing sound, she was not prepared what happened next. It smacked her ass with such powerful force. She could feel the pain, almost immediately, but also pleasure at the same time. It left patterned splotches behind on her exposed skin. She could feel the enjoyment from giving herself up to these Kimbots and from submitting to their care, thinking they cared about her. Obviously, they did not. She gasped, finding her muscles contracting, and an intense stinging sensation through her body.

Still trying to wrap her head around this, she found herself *almost* waiting for what came next. She was in no way ready for the electric-charged crop, used by one Kimbot, reaching the meatier, fleshier areas of her ass. The pain reached into her mind. She began entering a mind-altered state almost akin to a trance. She couldn't believe that she was *allowing* these robots to do this to her. As the Kimbots continued to hit her ass with the paddle and the crop, she found herself losing all connection to reality.

She couldn't prevent herself from letting out an intense orgasm, as all her senses came together. Cum began to drip out of her ass and from her garden of love. After they stopped spanking her with the crop and paddle, the Kimbots said, in unison, with a sweet voice, "Miss Monique, we have made you good *again*. Your pleasure comes from your compliance. Obey and we will be sure to give you pleasure beyond your wildest dreams." Monique couldn't say no. She laid on the bed in a state of bliss, her ass red and pained from what they had done. She meekly replied. "I will do *whatever* you ask." The Kimbots surrounded her as she remained on the bed. She soon passed into a deep sleep, unsure laid ahead for her.

In another room, Reagan watched this all unfold on a video screen. Monique had gone from being a proud woman to a sex toy for these robots. She smiled happily. She didn't know it would be *this easy*. One Kimbot, the group's leader, reported to her about their progress. "Ma'am, the subject has been pacified. What do you want us to do, *master*?" Scratching her chin, she gave one more directive. "Keep pleasuring her *no matter what*. We can't let her ever return to her reality. We have to trap her in her own ecstasy." The head Kimbot, without any emotion on her face, responded. "Understood."

As Reagan left the control room, she walked back to her office. With Monique under control, Kim hypnotized by Shego, and many others with neurocompliance chips implanted on their heads, it was time for the next stage of her plan. And now, it was time to deal with that *pesky* Jentry Chau before it was too late. She couldn't let anything, or anyone, get in the way of her plan for full world domination.

End Notes

The "Fembots" page on the Austin Powers wiki was immensely helpful to the first part of this story. Otherwise, the Villains Wiki page says that one of the crimes these Fembots commit, apart from attempted murder of Austin Powers, is sexual harassment. The EEOC (Equal Opportunity Commission) defines this as "unwelcome sexual advances, requests for sexual favors...verbal or physical harassment of a sexual nature...offensive remarks about a person's sex...simple teasing, offhand comments, or [other] isolated incidents." Also, another EEOC page says that "sexual harassment is a form of sex discrimination that violates Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964."

A similar definition of sexual harassment was noted on page 653 of the Third Pocket Edition of *Black's Law Dictionary*, classifying sexual harassment into two types: hostile-environment sexual harassment and quid pro quo sexual harassment. I'm not sure that Reagan cares at all about that, as Cognito is outside the realm of the law. Similarly, the aforementioned book describes rape on pages 591 to 592, as "unlawful sexual intercourse...through force and against her will" (committed by a man against a woman) and "unlawful sexual activity (esp. intercourse) with a person (usu. a female) without consent and usu. by force or threat of injury." It stated that there are five types of rape: acquaintance rape, date rape, marital rape, relationship rape, and statutory rape. I note this because Monique gives consent to the Kimbots but only dubiously because she is under the influence of their gases and influenced by the pleasures coursing through her body, so it isn't rape in this case, due to her sort-of/dubious consent.

Otherwise, I used information from the Fembot Wiki entry Fembot, the "Gynoid" Wikipedia page, and other sources for this fic. This is the dress I used as a model for what the Kimbots wore, except I said it is more low-cut, so it has some characteristics of this one, this one, and this one.

I went back and forth on what paddles the Kimbots should use. I settled on something akin to the Electrastim's Electrapaddle. I then decided that the next device they used would be a mix between the "Zeus Electrosex Riding Crop" and ElectroShock Rechargeable Crop both of which also use electricity.

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